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NO NEED OF APPREHENSION

A good deal is being written about the German menace and the prospect for the resumption of hostilities on the part of the Germans.

Clemenceau made a speech a few days ago in which he made some reference to such a contingency. Some people seem to think he meant that France was confronted with imminent peril. What we gathered from his remarks was that he wanted the boundary so fixed that the frontier would present a permanent barrier against the possibility of such an invasion as was experienced in 1914, and which has caused France such untold suffering.

Of all the nations in the world Germany at present is the least anxious for a renewal of the war. The Germans stopped the war to prevent an invasion. At that time the Germans were in Belgium and France. Germany had a submarine fleet, and what was supposed to be a first-class navy.

The army has debanded except for the organization to preserve order within the country. Hindenburg is at the head of it, and he was among the first to ally himself with the new order.

The Germans have no navy. They have no submarines. The allies are in German territory, and occupy what were the strongest of the German fortifications.

The only apprehension that exists seems to have its origin in the minds of persons who are influenced by the highly colored reports fostered by irresponsible news agencies.

If there were any misgiving on the part of Foch, Haig or Pershing or any of those familiar with all the circumstances, the troops would be going over instead of coming back.

It is true that Germany is rapidly recuperating, and that there has been a transformation within the past 90 days. The transformation is due to the fact that the Germans have turned from militarism to commerce and industry. A little while ago we were afraid Germany would not be able to recuperate sufficiently to take care of the cost of the war, which by right she must take care of. Now that the Germans give evidence of being able to do the things we were afraid they would not be able to do, there is apprehension in some quarters that they will be able to do them too well.

It should be regarded as an encouraging omen if the facts as indicated warrant the belief that Germany has at her command unexpected resources, for the indemnity required of that country should be limited only by the ability to collect. The Germans, and not the people of the nations at war with Germany, should be made to bear the financial burden of the war.

Regret is sometimes expressed that the spirit of the German people is not broken. This might have been foreseen when Gen. Foch submitted the terms of the armistice and they were accepted. Their spirit might have been broken by refusing an armistice and carrying the war into Germany, but it is recalled that there was considerable rejoicing over the signing of the armistice—in fact, there was a lot of rejoicing over the fake report before the armistice was signed.

The war had reached the stage where it might have been carried into Germany, and the German people crushed and beaten as the armies were, but it would have cost many thousands of lives, and when we recall those gigantic casualty lists, the names they contained and the names they might have contained if the war had continued many months longer, we should be grateful that America achieved what it set out to do without greater sacrifice.

CHURCH ONE HOPE FOR RUSSIA

Recent real inside information that has leaked through the dark veil of Bolshevism from Russia indicates that since the reorganization of the Greek church there is a revival of true religion among the thinking people in the cities and larger towns. Peter the Great reduced the real head of the church to spiritual zero when he created the holy synod as its official head, placed the selection of the members of the synod in the hands of the czar as the official head of the church, and created the procurator's office, to be filled by the czar, instead of the grand patriarch, as the real head of the church, both as to spiritual and administrative matters. No act of the synod could be effective without the O. K. of the procurator.

But when the czar fell as head of political Russia, he also fell as ecclesiastical head: the church in the disorganization which ensued got hold of its own affairs. A grand church council assembled in the sacred Kremlin at Moscow, and there the priests from the country parishes convinced those from the cities that the people wanted again a "Little Father." Hence the patriarchate was restored, and the honor was conferred upon Tikhon, then metropolitan of Moscow. All agree that he is a man of deep spirituality, capable of yielding more influence among his people than any other man in the church, and that his influence is and will always be for good. He spent some ten years in these United States, where he was beloved by his people, and where he learned much of the progressive ideas and real freedom of the Western world.

Students of Russia see in the rejuvenated church, under his leadership, the one real hope for developing a sentiment which will replace the red Bolshevism.

They ordered things differently in the olden time. When Vespasian launched the building of the Colosseum he did not issue any bonds or institute a tag day, or organize drives or calls upon four-minute speakers, and yet the great structure was completed and seated 87,000 people. Nowadays if we go to chop down a tree, instead of grinding the axe we first issue bonds and hire a night watchman.

George Bernard Shaw might mislead Americans with his description of conditions in England except for the fact that he attempted to describe the situation in America for the misinformation of his English readers and thereby nullified his efforts with both.

The duchy of Luxemburg wants to become a republic. She has an area of 998 square miles, a little more than double the size of Shelby county. This is hardly room enough for the various campaign orators to "view with alarm" or "point with pride."

The republic of Switzerland should extend the right hand of fellowship to its next-door neighbor, the republic of Germany, and lend it every assistance until it learns to walk alone.

The Days of Real Sport—By Briggs

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TEACHING HER

DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

There is an old schoolbook adage that says: "Experience is a hard school, but fools will learn in no other."

The trouble with most of us is that we are such superfools we do not even learn any wisdom from the bitter lesson that experience should have taught us.

An intelligent person may blunder into making a mistake once, but it would seem that only a three-ply fool would be stupid enough to fall into the same error again, yet every day of our lives we see men and women stumbling into the same old pits that they floundered into the day before, and before whose dangers their experience has hung no red light of warning.

The most curious example of the ivory-towered individual who learns nothing from experience are those whom poverty has taught no lesson of thrift. All of us number among our acquaintances people who have been born with their hands full of money.

They have known what it is to be shabby, cold and hungry. They have walked the streets in threadbare garments and wondered where the next meal would come from. They have had their hearts quake with dread at the sound of a hand fumbling at the lock for fear it was the landlord turning them out of their humble home. They have known the agony of seeing their loved ones sick and perhaps die for lack of the things that money could have bought. They have had their souls sick with shame when they had to ask charity of their relatives and friends. There is no need, no humiliation, no anxiety with which the lack of money can torture a person that they have not been through.

You would think that the lesson of poverty had been so seared into the consciousness of the people that when they got to making money they would hold on to every nickel with the grasp of a miser. You would think that they would never take the slightest chance of ever being caught with empty pockets again, but in the great majority of cases they have learned nothing from experience. Give them a dollar, or a thousand dollars, and they will go as they go with no thought for the morrow. They make no effort toward safeguarding themselves against the terrible experience they have been through.

That is why we have to help the imprudent over and over again. They are fools who learn nothing from experience. Domestically furnished us with another interesting illustration of those who are too stupid to learn from experience.

That is the why of the family apart that makes the great majority of homes a dark and bloody battlefield instead of the place of peace and quiet it is meant to be.

It is inevitable that every bride and

bridegroom when they are really getting acquainted with each other and exploring the angles of each other's temper and disposition should unwittingly bump into sharp corners that knock the hair askew, and fall into bogs of arguments in which the chariot of love is temporarily stalled.

But if either husband or wife has enough intelligence to learn anything from experience there need be no repetition of the painful scene. Any husband who is not a candidate for a home for the feeble-minded knows after the first year of matrimony just what his Maria's little pet weaknesses and faults and follies are.

Every woman after a 12 months' study of her John's idiosyncrasies has his number to the last figure, and is perfectly aware that certain topics are to him even as waving a red flag at some mad bull, and that it is safer to twist the tail of a sore-footed lion than it is to make certain suggestions to him in the awful 15 minutes before dinner, whereas after dinner he is as gentle and easily led as a beating lamb.

Yet in the face of a thousand experiences the husband will bring down upon himself a flood of tears, or reproaches, by tramping all over the flower beds of his wife's little prejudices when he might just as easily walk around them, and the wife will keep right on for 20 or 40 years precipitating the rows with her husband that she could have avoided if only she had had enough intelligence to learn her lesson from experience.

What is ill-health except nature's revenge on us for refusing to heed the lesson she has tried to teach us, and that we refused to learn? We drink too much, we eat too much, and our poor outraged stomachs shriek out a megaphone warning in pain yet we do not ourselves up with medicine and go on eating and drinking until we land ourselves in an untimely grave. We overwork and overplay and live at high tension, feeling ourselves getting more and more jumpy every day, although our nerves are signaling to us all the time that if we don't hold up we are on the way to the madhouse or a sanitarium.

There probably isn't a dyspeptic living who doesn't know just the things about the effect of alcohol on the human system and the human morale, yet he goes on drinking. There isn't an individual who doesn't know that he is wasting his money and his health by smoking, yet he goes on smoking. They all had the experience but they refused to learn its lesson.

And there you are. It is the wise and successful who profit by experience. The fools never learn, even from their own sufferings.

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On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

PICTURES.

Never quite reaching it.

Because ambition keeps

The picture incomplete—

For that is life.

To paint and paint

Upon the same old canvas

And find it the same

Old canvas still—

Yet dearer far than the

Most wonderful masterpiece

In the realm of intrinsic art

Stands your own amateurish effort.

Of your own future.

As you think it should be.

Happy indeed was Omar,

Who lived in the Today

And let the Tomorrow go hang.

For Omar never painted

A picture of his future.

And he died at a ripe old age

Without knowing what a poor

painter

He might have been.

Max Harden says "The Hohenzollern is a born showman."

Looks like it. His company had to walk home.

Our esteemed contemporary says that in reciting "Sheridan's Ride"

at the Methodist church festival last week we looked and acted like a

jackass. We could learn in a way that would embitter the man's whole

future, but we have returned to pass such things by. Suffice it is to say

that he is an infernal liar and a crawling scoundrel—Leesville (Col.)

Light.

Federal government has announced the end of government control

of milk. It ought to be cheaper now.

FOR WELL-EQUIPPED GENTS.

Ad in New York paper:

"WANTED—Contentment roomers; heated and furnished."

Twice Told Tales

10 Years Ago Today in Memphis.

FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

Bandit "black-jacked" Louis Fritz, 261 Market avenue, hurting him badly, and four diamonds valued at \$600 from his fingers and shirt bosom. He was assaulted near Third street and Market avenue.

Sensational allegations were registered by Mrs. Anna S. Hill, of Nashville, who filed suit against Dr. G. W. Hill, of Memphis, asking for divorce. The Memphis Veneer and Lumber company, a newly organized firm, purchased the plant and properties of the Memphis Rim and Bow company.

The palatial excursion steamer, Queen city, carrying Mardi Gras visitors from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, arrived at Memphis and the passengers were the guests of the city.

Positive evidence was shown that real estate in Memphis, despite reports to the contrary, were steadily increasing.

W. H. Tate, of Kansas City, Mo., commercial agent of the Southern railroad, was in Memphis on business.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.

Compiled by John G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.—Ps. xxxiv, 19.

Yes, 'tis a rough and thorny road that leads us to the saints' abode. But when our Father's house we gain, 'T will make amends for all our pain. Wherefore doth a living man complain a man for the punishment of his sins?—Lam. iii, 39.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants, and none of them that trust in Him shall be decalate.—Ps. xxxiv, 22.

Mourning souls dry up your tears, Banish all your guilty fears. See your guilt and curse remove, Canceled by redeeming love.

Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.—Rom. iii, 24.—From "Daily Food."

Dayton, Ohio.

BRAVERY OF U. S. FLYERS LAUDED BY CANADIAN ACE NOW HERE



DOWNED 25 GERMAN PLANES IN 12 DAYS

Lieut. Col. William Avery Bishop.

It is difficult to believe that a blue-eyed, blond, headless 24-year-old, weighing slightly more than 100 pounds and only five feet seven inches tall, was the terror of the German airmen, with a price set on his head and the victor of 72 battles.

But the German aviators—those that are left—can testify to the record of Lieut. Col. William Avery Bishop, Canadian premier ace, now visiting in the United States.

The young Canadian's decorations—won but not worn—are the distinguished service order (twice conferred), the cross of the Legion of Honor, first class, of which he was a chevalier, the French Croix de Guerre, with palm; the British military cross, the special war medal of the Aero club of America, the medal of gold of the Aero club of France, the distinguished flying cross of the British empire (twice conferred), and the most coveted of honors—the Victoria cross.

Col. Bishop, very much alike and unadorned, according to official count, brought down 72 planes in less than a year. He was shot down by fellow officers in the air fighting and by fellow officers in the air fighting and by fellow officers in the air fighting.

Col. Bishop is literally "next to being American," as he was born and raised at Owen Sound, Ontario, directly across Georgian bay from the states, and has spent much of his life here. He graduated from the Royal Military college, West Point, receiving the degree of a Canadian, which compares with our civil engineer.

Then along came the war, and early in 1915 he went overseas with the Second divisional cavalry of Canada. After some service with that unit he secured permission—with the greatest difficulty—to enter the air service, and late in the summer began training in England.

Toward the end of the year he was sent to France as an aerial observer.

"That sort of work in those days," says Col. Bishop, "was most peculiar. The observer was 'nobody's' child. He could not fly himself in most cases, and if his pilot was shot it was 'good night.' A stick to the work for about

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

BY K.C.B.

DEAR EDITOR.

YOU DON'T know it.

BUT FOR the past week.

OUT HERE in the West.

I'VE HAD something.

THAT THE doctor told me.

WAS NEARLY the flu.

AND I couldn't work.

AND ALL that saved me.

FROM HAVING failed.

TO SEND back the bacon.

WAS THE two a day.

THAT I had written.

DURING THE week before.

AND THE way I date them.

IT MAKES you think.

I WRITE one each day.

AND THE only reason.

I'M TELLING you this.

IS THE doctor says.

I'M NOT well yet.

AND I'VE got to be careful.

AND NOT do anything.

FOR THE next few days.

AND I think he's right.

BECAUSE THE way I feel.

I'M NOT very happy.

AND MY mind doesn't work.

AND I'm a little wabbly.

AND I want to tell you.

THAT IF it should happen.

YOU DON'T hear from me.

FOR THE next few days.

YOU'LL KNOW I'm resting.

AND WHERE I'm going.

THEY HAVE lots of cows.

AND SCORES of hens.

AND IT'S all outdoors.

FOR MILES and miles.

AND DRINKING fresh milk.

AND EATING fresh eggs.

AND BREATHING fresh air.

THE DOCTOR says.

THAT IN less than a week.

I CAN drive a plow.

BUT, OF course, I won't.

AND, ANYWAY.

IT WILL be the first time.

IN THE past five years.

THAT I'VE got to do a day.

AND I hate to do it.

BUT THE way I feel.

THIS VERY minute.

WHILE I'm sitting here.

AND WRITING this.

I'VE GOT to do it.

AND THEN, besides.

I WANT to ask you.

IF IT wouldn't be foolish.

TO PAY a doctor.

FOR TELLING you something.

THAT YOU ought to do.

AND THEN not to do it.

AND PARTICULARLY so.

IF YOU wanted to do.

WHAT THE doctor told you.

YOU OUGHT to do.

IF YOU get what I mean.

AND IF you'll excuse me.

BILLS ALIKE.

"The Kaiser's future uncertain." Oh, no! There's a certainty about his future which delights us. The Kaiser's future is as certain as Bill Scragg's.

The speaker was Representative Fess, of Ohio. He went on:

"An Ohio hired girl said one day to her mistress:

"Can I have the afternoon off next Monday three weeks, ma'am?"

"I don't know, Mary," said the mistress. "What do you want to get off for?"

"I want to attend Bill Scragg's funeral," said the hired girl. "He's been dead three weeks, ma'am."

"What nonsense is this?" said the mistress. "Bill Scragg's funeral? Monday day three weeks? Why, you don't even know that he's gone to die. That is something, Mary, that we can't any of us be sure of the date of our own death."

"No," said the hired girl, firmly. "No'm. Maybe I'm sure about Bill, though. You see, he's gone to be hung."

MOVING PICTURES.

LOEW'S PRINCESS

Continuous, 10 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Today, Last Time

Mary Pickford

—in—

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow"

Made famous on the speaking stage by Eleanor Robson.

Nestor Comedy

"The Beautiful Liar"

10c After 5 p. m. 15c

Until 5 p. m. including War Tax.

Children 10c All Times.

Tues., Billie Burke in

"The Make-Believe Wife"

THEATERS.

LOEW'S LYCEUM

Continuous, 1 to 11 p. m.

The Greatest Question in Every Woman's Life—

Which One Shall I Marry?

Come and Hear "Advice."

DIXON & PAULI

Funsters Par Excellence.

OTHER FEATURE ACTS

and

FRED STONE

in "UNDER THE TOP"

Charming Story of Circus Life